Stans puer ad mensam.

I dere childe first thy self enable
With all thy herte to vertuous discipline
Afore thy souerayn stondynge at the table
Dispose thy yongthe after my doctrine
To all nurture thy corage enclyne
First whyle thou spekest be not recheles
Kepe fote and fynger stylle in pres
Be symple of chere cast not thy loke aside
Gase not aboute wonynge euer alle
Agayn the poste lete not thy back abyde
Make not thy myrrour also of the walle
Pyke not thy nose and in especiall
Be right wel ware a sete in thy thought
Afore thy souerayn crache ne rubbe nought
Who that speketh to the in ony maner place
Lumpisshly cast not thy hede a dosen
But with sad chere loke hym in the face
Walke

Bare clene thy nayllys thin handes Wasshe also
To sore mete and Whan thou dost aryse
Sytte in the place that thou art assigned to
Pres not to hye in no maner Wyse
And tyl thou see a sore the thy seruyse
Be not to hasty on brede for to byte
Of gredines lest man the Wyte at byte

Stemmyng and mowes at the table eschewe
Crye not to lowde kepe honestly silence
Tenbose thy Jowes With mete it is not delve
With ful mouth spelke not lest thou do offence
Drinke not bridled for haste ne for negligence
Kepe clene thy lippes fro fatte of flesh or fisshe
Wype fair thy spone leue it not in thy dysshe

Of thy brede no soppis that thou make
Lowe for to soupe hit is agayn gentilnes
With mouth enbrued thou not take

And where so be thou dyne or soupe
Of gentylnes take salt with thy knyf
And beware thou blowe not in the coupe
Reuerence thy seladis kepyn with tery no stryf
To thy pobber kepe pees alle thy lyf
Interrupte not where so that thou wende
No mans tale tyl he haue made an ende

With thy synger marke not thy tale
Be wel auised namely in tender age
To drynke by mesure bothe wyn and ale
Be not coppous also of langage
As tyme requireth shewe so thy visage
To glady ne to sorye but kepe betwene tweyne
For losse or lucre or ony cas sodeyne

Be meke in mesure not hasty but tretable
Ouer mochе is not worth in no thing
To childrey longeth not be stingeable
Sone mayde and assone forgeuyng
And as hit is remembred by olde writyng
Wrath of childrey is sone ouergoon
With ay apple parties be made at oon

Of honeſt myrth lete be thy daliaunce
Where none vthes ſpeke no rybaldrye
The beſt moſſell haue this in remembraunce
Hole to thy ſelf alleweye do not applye
Parte with thy felawe for that is curteſye
Lade not thy trenchour with many vnnſſaulles
And fro blaknes alleweye kepe thy naylles

Of curtoſye alſo agayn the lawe
With ſoſh vnſhoneſt for to do offence
Of olde ſurfettis atwyte not thy felawe
Toward thy ſouerayn haue alway thy aduertence
Pleye not with thy knyf take hede to my ſentence
At mete and at ſouper kepe the ſtill & ſofte
Elbe to and fro meue not thy fote to ofte

Doppe not thy breſte with ſawce ne potage
Stynge no knyues vnſcowred to the table
Pyk not thy ſpone beſte in the carriage
Hit goo be fyde whiche were not commendable
Be quyk and redy meke and ſeruiſable
Preſt alwaytyng to fulfille anoy
What thy ſouerayn commaundeth the to doy

In childes warre nolle mirth ⁊ nolle debate
In their quarell is no grete violence
Nolle playe. nolle wepyng. selde in one estate
To their playntes gyue no grete audience
A rodde reformeth alle their insolence
In their corage no rancour doth abyde
Who spareth the rodde al vertu set a syde

Go litill byll lareyn of eloquence
Pray yongh children that the shal see or rede
Though thou be not compendious of sentence
Of the clawses for to take hede
Whiche to alle vertue shal thy yongth lede
Of the wrytyngh though ther be no date
Yf ought be amys put the faute in lidgate

Explicit.

Aryse erly
Serue godh deuoutly
The worldh besily
Goo thy way sadly
Answere demurely
Go to thy mete appetently

And aryse temperatly
And to thy soup soberly
And to thy bedh merily
And be there iocondly
And slepe sewrely

Explicit.

¶ My holy Salue regina in englisſh.

Alue with alle obeiſaunce to godȝ t̃ humblesſe
Regina to regne euyr more in blysſe
Mater to criſt as we byleue expresſe
Miſericordie/ vnto alle wreechisſe
Vita to quyken to helpe leaſt andȝ lisſe
Dulcedo of moſt plesant beaute
Andȝ we saye this londe thy dowayr is
Andȝ therfore we ſynge/ et ſpes nr̃a ſalue

Ad te moſt meke ⁊ moſt beingne virgine
Clamamus lowde with voys tymerous
Exules made/ by falſe fraude ſerpentyne
Filij freyll atteſtaſt andȝ dolorous
Eue/ therfore oure lyf laborȝous
Ad te beſt mene to our lordȝ godȝ andȝ mayȝ
Suſpiramus here in this see trobelous
Gementes as ſorowfullȝ as we cayȝ

Et flentes ofte with bitter teris ſmert
In hac doleful/ paynefull andȝ lamentable
Lacrimaȝ wondingȝ the mortal herte

Walke restles greuouse and changeable
Eya ergo mayden most amyable
Aduocata nostra oure mediatrice
Illos tuos brygh test and confortable
Misericordes oculos ful of Joye of paradyce

Ad nos fletyng in this see of torment
Conuerte / nold of thy souerayn pyte
Et ihesum oure lorde prince ommipotent
Benedictum fulk of most hye bounte
Fructum of lyf and riche benygnyte
Ventris tui most elbrous creature
Nobis post hoc exilium ostende
To oure eterne gretteste ioye and plesure

O clemens ful of mercyful rychesse
O pia ful of riche compassion
O dulcis ful of helpe in eche distresse
Virgo faireste waye to saluation
Maria flowre of swetteste meditacian
Salue with alle our most lowly seruyse
Mater of lyf and eterne creacion
Salue euer as feir as we any suffyse. Amen.

Wytte hath Wonder and kynde ne can
Holy mayden is moder and god is man
Leue thyn asskyng and beleue that Wonder
For myght hath maistry & skylle goth vnder
+Deo laus &c̄+

Who so of Welthe taketh no hede
He shal fynde saute in tyme of nede

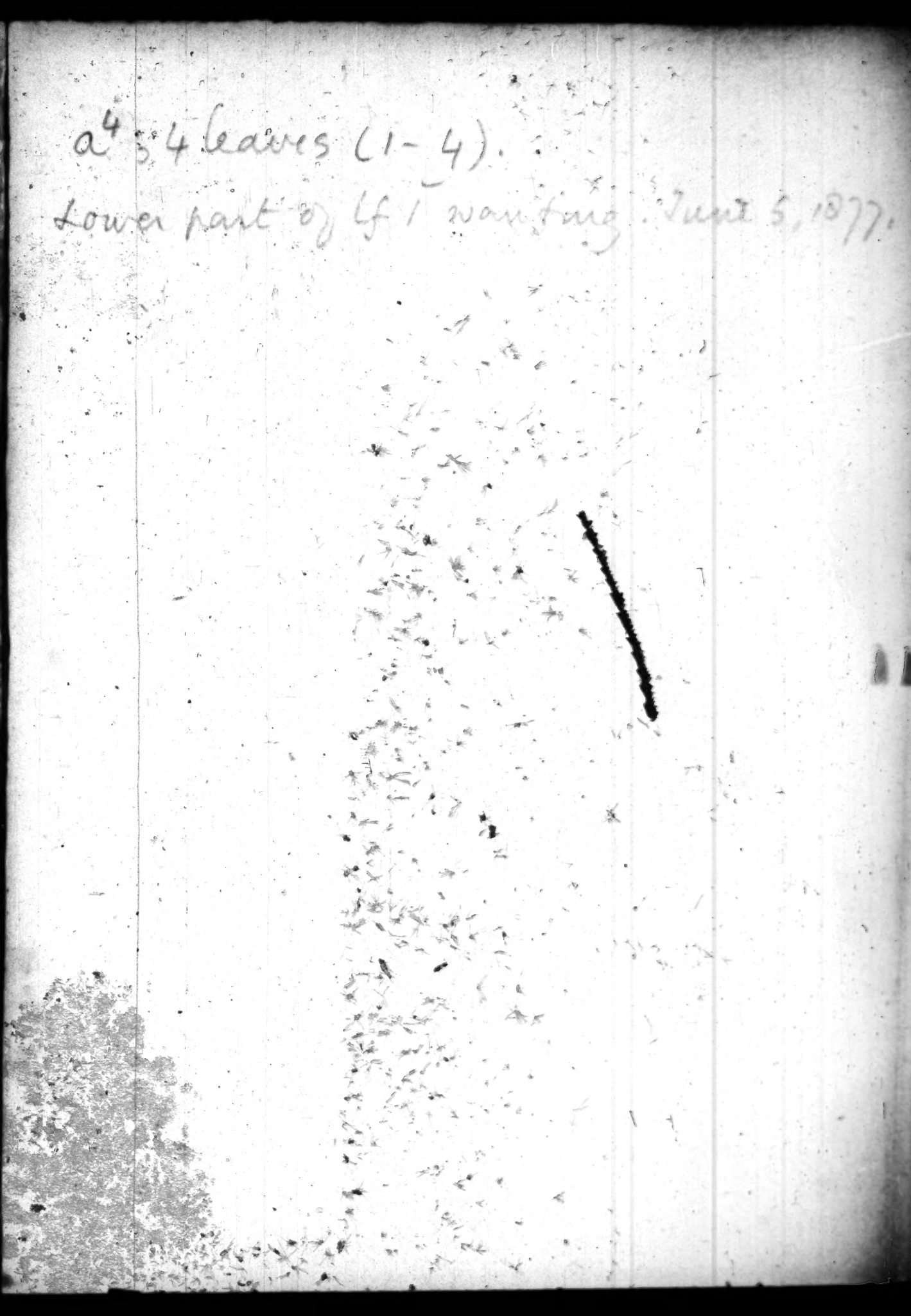
This Worldy is mutable thus seith sage
Ther fore gadre in tyme er thou falle in age

In Welthe beWare of Woo What so the happis
And here the euen for drede of after clappis

Fortune is variant ay tornyng her Whele
He is Wyse that is Ware or he harme fele

Better is to suffre and fortune tabyde
Than hastely to clymbe and sodenly to slyde

Rysshe er thou knytte & than thou maist shake
If thou knyt er thou knowe than it is to late

a⁴ 4 leaves (1–4).

Lower part of Lf 1 wanting. June 5, 1977.